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THE SERVICEMAN'S OPINION OF V-E DAY CELEBRATIONS

Yesterday morning after I heard the news of the ending of the war in Europe I decided I would go to Lawrence to see how the people were taking it. As I walked down the street amidst the yelling school students, the flying of paper and the blowing of horns, I looked at the faces of the servicemen. They seemed calm and their faces showed nothing of what was in their minds. I wondered what was behind those sober faces. I found out shortly after what the opinion of many was as I heard an Army officer on a radio broadcast from Essex Street. When asked what he thought of the celebration he remarked, "I am disappointed in the people for leaving their work." He added, "It's silly for them to walk out of their work to gather in the streets." When the radio announcer told him that the people had pent-up emotion that they had to let go and that they would return in a few hours, he only replied, "You know the boys in Okinawa can't take an hour off to celebrate." He concluded with, "I am glad that V-E day has come, but I wish they would go back to work."

He wasn't the only one that felt this way. Others said, "I think this is silly," and "What about those fellows in the Pacific? We have pals over there still fighting." One ex-serviceman who has a medical discharge said of the whistles blowing, "I wish they would stop." These are only a few of the remarks that floated through the crowd. Perhaps this is not the opinion of all the servicemen,

but it is the opinion of a great many of them. As one of the many who have brothers in the service in Europe and in the Pacific, I am interested in knowing just how they feel about what we are doing, for it was they that made it possible for us to have V-E Day. I for one don't want to disappoint them and I don't think anyone else would either.

Ethel Winning, '46

SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE

The United Nations Conference on International Organization meets this week, even though President Roosevelt, who was largely responsible for this great conference, has passed away.

This is not a peace conference in that it does not undertake to settle such questions as what shall be done with Germany, how that country shall be governed, what punishment should be inflicted on the war criminals and scores of other problems which the war will leave us confronted with. It is merely drawing up the framework. The outline of the plan to accomplish this purpose was agreed upon last summer at Dumbarton Oaks.

No one has the right to expect that this conference will do a perfect or complete job. The constitution which it writes will have to be amended during the years to come, just as our own constitution has been. The nations which join the new organization will have to work together for a long time before we can be sure that they will co-operate to keep the peace.

So, all in all, we see that this problem of world organization is no easy matter and shouldn't be treated as such. We must remember that to win the peace is just as tough a job as to win the war with armies and guns. So let's co-operate by being clear thinkers and doing everything possible to promote unity among the nations of the world. Mary Rivet, '45

THE END?

May 8, 1945, President Truman officially declared V-E Day. Yes, the war with Germany has at long last drawn to a close. But is it the end of World War II? Definitely not! It is the end of the beginning of the long hard struggle of the Allies to force all of the Axis into unconditional surrender.

It is also the beginning of the end for Japan and her idol-crazed people. With our mighty superfort, the B-29, we will bring horror and destruction to their homeland as they did to Pearl Harbor.

All the V-E celebrations we had were certainly very disconcerting to the millions of soldiers, who are still expendable, in the Pacific area. And for another little group there was and could be no celebration, for their beloved lie in small grass-covered plots in some distant land.

Fred Messina, '45

GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

The war with Germany is nearing an end and people should be thinking of the serious problems that will exist.

The German people are going to need help, not as enemies, but as a nation of people who have been wrongly educated. The United Nations have the task of reeducating these people and of helping them establish a better government. The Nazi leaders have drilled war and hate into the minds of these people

for twelve years and we must get rid of it.

How can you condemn a whole nation of people? Some of the German people did not like Hitler or what he stood for. The only reason, perhaps, that they did follow him was to remain alive. You cannot take away all of the German industries. She is an industrial nation and would not be likely to survive as an agricultural nation. The Nazi leaders have to be singled out and treated according to the nature of their offenses to society, if anything is to be done to help Germany establish herself again.

Don't think I am in sympathy with the Nazi cause, because I am not. I do think, however, that if we are to avoid another war in thirty years, we must give much thought to the serious problem confronting the United Nations, what to do with Germany after the war.

Think carefully before you condemn the entire German population. Their youth, unlike ours, are bred for war from the time they are seven years old. Re-education of these youths will be a very great problem, but it has to be done.

Fay Vincent, '45

V-E DAY

As we rode to school all the chatter was that at 9:00 o'clock President Truman was going to speak and officially tell the American people that half our battle was won. We endured the first period, but you could tell the people in the class room were excited. Second period we were told to go quietly to the hall. I don't know how quietly we went, but we arrived at the hall. There Mr. Hayes led us in a salute to the flag. He then talked to us, not as children as when war was declared, but as boys and girls grown to men and women who had endured all four of our years in high

school amidst the worst conflict known to man. I said we were men and women, yet two big tears rolled down my cheeks as we sang "America."

For many of us our first thought was church, and inside that church we prayed for our brothers, fathers and friends. Not only did we thank the Lord that they came through in Europe with flying colors, but we prayed that those in the Pacific might do the same.

Why did the people quit work? Why did they celebrate? Was there really anything to shout about? These are the questions I have been asking myself. Heavens, no! I am no angel. I got out of school, didn't I? Yet I think our boys who died in the Pacific while we celebrated should have been thought of before it was too late. Maybe I am old fashioned or whatever you want to call it, but I think we should save our shouting for when the total war is over and a formula for peace has been worked out.

Hazel Wood, '45

V-E DAY

Even though it didn't come as a big surprise, everyone seemed to be walking around in a daze on May 8, 1945. The official news came through at nine o'clock in the morning. When everybody heard the news, they just dropped whatever they were doing and went out to have a good time. After nine o'clock, Essex Street was all jammed up, not only with pedestrians, but with all sorts of vehicles. It seemed as though the louder the noise one could make, the better he was liked. At one o'clock they had a "Man on the Street" broadcast, on which many people expressed themselves very freely. Not only the civilians, but many service men were really out to celebrate. Every once in a while, a barrage of confetti, or even old discarded newspapers, would

come down from some unknown source. It seemed as though everybody was happy and as if no one wanted to be sad.

In London the situation was like this, only much worse. The theatres and other recreation facilities had to be closed for fear that they wouldn't be standing the next day. London really has a reason to celebrate because they will be free from the bombings, which they so courageously endured during these long dark months. Even though everyone seemed happy, I think they remembered that we still have to fight the Japs. If we work as hard to keep everlasting peace as we did to win this horrible war, I think it will be an ideal world.

Clifton Milne, '45

PATRIOTISM AND YOU

Some people do not know all the words to "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America." Others do not know the correct display of the flag and the respect due it. There are certain rules we should all be familiar with in regard to courtesies to be rendered to our national flag.

For displaying the flag at home, you should have it up from sunrise to sunset. However, do not raise the flag while it is furled. Unfurl, then hoist quickly to the top of the staff. Lower it slowly and with sincere dignity. If it is to be flown at half-mast, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-mast position. Before lowering it for the day, it should be again raised to the peak. By half-mast is meant hauling down the flag to one half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. On Memorial Day display at half-mast until noon only; then hoist to the top of the staff. When the Flag of the United States of America is flown with other flags, such as flags of cities or states

or pennants of societies, the former should be higher than or in front of the others. In the case of flags of two or more nations being displayed, they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size.

Respect for your flag may be shown by not allowing it to touch the ground or floor, or to brush against objects. Take every precaution to prevent the flag from becoming soiled. No objects should be placed on or over the flag. Sometimes a speaker's table is covered with a flag and various articles are set on it. This practice should be avoided. Do not use the flag as a portion of costume or athletic uniform nor embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs.

On suitable occasions repeat the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Did you ever stop to consider what you're saying? You should be looking directly at the flag as if speaking to it and say the pledge sincerely and earnestly. Your right hand should be held over your heart.

Everyone knows he should rise when our national anthem is played. However, many do not know the comparatively new law concerning this. Besides rising, you should face the flag if one is present and if not, face the orchestra or source of music. It is preferred that men hold their hats and women their right hand over their hearts. You should remain standing reverently until the last note is played.

These are the essential rules which should be observed by everyone. Especially in wartime we must realize the importance of this matter. Wherever you are — in school, at home, on the street, etc., you, the future citizens of America, should show your patriotism by a sincere re-

spect for your flag and national anthem. Make an earnest effort. Start today!

Bette Lewis, '45

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND THE FLAG

One error many people make is applauding the national anthem and the flag. You know yourself that if you respect anyone you seldom express your feelings. You should love your flag and anthem, but love and respect them quietly. Don't applaud and cheer them!

Jackie McGuire, '45

THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

During the summer months the grounds around Johnson are very beautiful. In the spring when we get the inspiration to eat outside, the grass is littered with papers. There are cans all around the school in very obvious places for our lunch bags and papers. Failure to use them shows ignorance, and does not give us a very good name. Occupants of neighboring houses can look out their windows in the morning and see grass that looks like a beautiful carpet, but after twelve o'clock the grass is hardly visible in places, due to the mess we leave it in. With a little cooperation from everyone this error can easily be corrected.

Charlotte M. Lewis, '45

THE SCHOOL YARDS AND STREETS

Our school yards and streets have been used like waste-baskets. This is not necessary. We were given the right to use these grounds and we should be proud of it. But how can anyone be proud of a dump? Perhaps the papers and things which are found on the ground were not put there by anybody in the school, but would it break our backbones to bend down and pick them up? No, of course it wouldn't.

Visitors coming to our school could have a lot more good things to say about our school's appearance if we'd buckle down and keep it clean.

We were all brought up in respectable places and houses and this should make us want to keep the streets clean. I certainly would be

ashamed to walk into Johnson High School right after the lunch hour, as it would be very embarrassing to know that the pupils of this school are so careless as to leave papers and parts of sandwiches all over the streets.

Frances Donnelly, '45



HER FIRST SOLO FLIGHT

Rusty tripped down the avenue, smiling brightly at every passerby she encountered. The sun was radiant and spring had definitely arrived. The flowers were all fragrant in the nearby parks and even though this was the bustling turbulence of the city, one could still chance to see a bird singing lustily while flying around the parks garnished with sweet smelling blossoms.

Rusty's spirits were high this elegant morning, and no wonder, for this was the day her head instructor had said that she would perform her first solo flight.

She had been endeavoring to learn the art of flying for eight weeks now, and at last she would receive her flying license if today's flight was satisfactory. She was sure it would be, for flying was in Rusty's blood and had been from the time when she had been in school.

She stepped out of the taxi she had boarded, and surveyed the field. The wings of her plane gleamed in the sunlight, and the "grease monkey" had just finished tinkering with her motor.

Hearing the low roar of the motor and seeing the revolving rotation of the propeller caused her spirits to drop a little. Tiny qualms of fear

began to grow inside of her.

Suppose she forgot what to do? Suppose the motor went dead? Suppose she couldn't bring the plane in, or, much worse, take off in it? All these supposes were causing Rusty's hands to tremble and giving her last minute jitters.

As she stood there quaking inside, her instructor, Ray Stevens, came out of the vestibule.

Later she would have thanked God, but at that moment he seemed to her like Him who had come down from Heaven to reassure her, and give her strength to accomplish the feat that she desired most to attain. And flying along she felt that the whole world was detained below by tumultuous cities, and noisy occupations. She alone was free, soaring along in the clouds, feeling joyously contented to be alive.

Louise Consoli, '48

AT A HORSE AUCTION

Standing in the midst of a crowd of people, Evelyn and I were discussing the point of interest in that particular crowd — horses. People were standing in front of the auctioneers' stand bidding on pieces of tack and other horse equipment. Other people were watching the horses as they stood in their stalls,

but everyone was waiting for the auctioneers to sell horses.

"Come on, come on!" yelled one of the auctioneers. "Let's sell horses here!"

A rangy black was led out and a tall, lean boy leaped onto his back. Suddenly everyone rushed to one side as the black plunged into the air kicking and squealing.

Before anyone knew it the auctioneer ran the bid up to fifty dollars, yelled, "Sold," and somebody was stuck with an outlaw.

The next horse was quite different. Shouts and yells didn't seem to bother him and he plodded sleepily on his way.

One after another horses were ridden up and down the way. All kinds of horses were in that barn, rangy, small, good, or bad, bays, chestnuts, greys, and paints, all colors and descriptions.

All too soon the auction ended. People left talking about this horse or that one. People who had bought horses left last minute instructions to truck drivers who would drive the horses home.

Evelyn and I were on our way home now and I thought sleepily to myself, "Uhhh, wonder what they'll have next week?"

Jean Mahoney, '48

UNEXPECTED DUCKING

One day that seemed like a hundred years ago, when no one had ever heard of gas rationing, our family set out for the mountains. When we had been riding about three hours, in the warm, balmy, midsummer air, we came to a city called Laconia.

It was originally a quiet sleepy city, but things had changed. The streets were crowded with sightseers, and the cars were parked three abreast on both sides of the street. We came to a stand-still. We could

go no farther, so the most logical thing to do was to get out of the car and follow the crowd.

Pretty soon we came to a flower-bedecked platform overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee. The platform was built alongside of a huge passenger ship. To our surprise we found the boat was named "Mount Washington II." It didn't take much questioning to discover the boat was scheduled to be launched in about five minutes. We hurried down to the sandy beach to obtain a better view.

We waited and waited, but nothing happened. It started to get stifling down on the sand. We sat down to be more comfortable.

Just as we were thinking nothing would come of all this excitement we heard and felt a big splash. When I say felt, I mean we were soaked to the skin, along with fifty other individuals. When the boat was launched, the water had risen up on the beach in big waves. It was so unexpected we didn't have time to move.

Pretty soon Mount Washington II was moving sedately down stream, and fifty bedraggled, soaked people started on their way.

Mary Hickey, '48

GULLIVER AT JOHNSON

I found myself in a land of minute people. And I do mean minute! Most of them were under six inches tall. Their complexions were of the same nature as mine, but the color of their hair—how odd! I had never seen a red head before.

Of course, I caused quite a commotion. No wonder! I saw many of them turn green with fright when they saw me and then rush madly into a building. (I later learned that these people were students at Johnson High School in the little township of North Andover.) However, one intrepid sort of fellow, slightly older

than the others, stayed behind and I heard him say quite distinctly to me, "Are you by any chance Germany's secret weapon No. 2?"

I pondered over this statement before I answered. I had never heard of Germany previous to his mentioning it and the only weapons I was familiar with were firearms, sabers, and such. However, I thundered out, "Why, no, I am not connected with Germany in any way."

Evidently my answer didn't raise his opinion of me. He asked to be lifted up so he could get a better look at me. As I lifted him up cautiously in my right hand, I noticed that he was rather amused by my ring. I explained its history rather awkwardly to him, but to no avail! He wanted me to take it off. I had no intention of parting with my ring—especially to a stranger. I asked him what he wanted it for and his answer puzzled me greatly.

"For the scrap drive, naturally. Don't you know that there's a war going on?"

A war going on? Everything looked so peaceful in this little town. Since my view was unlimited, I was able to marvel at the beauty that Mother Nature had created here.

Then the little man declared that he must return to his office to collect the orders from the students for the war savings stamps. However, he invited me to peer into the windows to see the classes in session. I thanked him graciously and put him down on terra firma. How relieved he looked!

The windows were very small, but I managed to look into some of the rooms. One room must have been a laboratory. The students were at tables working with glass bottles. Suddenly an odor (please don't make me describe it) assailed my nostrils, and did I run!

I gazed into another room and lo,

and behold! Coins were being flung about. Boys and girls entering the room and taking their seats would suddenly jump up screaming. I laughed inwardly, remembering my own collection of thumb tacks. Suddenly I sneezed.

I had no idea that the bell I heard at the moment I sneezed was for recess. Suddenly a delightful aroma encircled me. I found that it was coming from the school cafeteria. When I peeked in I felt as if I were in an arena. Both boys and girls were pushing and punching each other like cattle. Rita Malek, '45

LITTLE AMERICANS

I presented my little cousin Johnny with a book containing four dollars worth of twenty-five cent war stamps on his eighth birthday. I was more than a bit dubious of his appreciation, because after all it was not an "ack-ack" gun. Naturally, it was necessary that I explain the value of this book to Johnny. I told him that each stamp purchased represented help for our soldiers in the way of supplies. I laid emphasis on the fact that each stamp meant one soldier nearer to Tokyo and Berlin, and hence nearer home. Being a normal boy and an admirer of soldiers, he drank in every word, and best of all, he actually promised to enlarge his war stamp collection.

For over a year Johnny has made such sacrifices as fewer movies, half as many comic books, less ice-cream, less candy, etc. Every nickel and dime thus saved has gone towards the steady purchase of stamps. His fifty cent weekly allowance, which never before lasted through the week, is spent for two twenty-five cent stamps. This self-denial and economy has resulted in making him the justifiably proud possessor of two twenty-five dollar war bonds.

My pep talk must have accomplished its purpose, for he is now inspired with the thought that every little bit he does helps bring to Bill and Bob the sorely needed supplies of war. It makes him feel rather important to know that his money has probably purchased a rifle, a machine gun, or some other exciting implement of war. It gives him something to boast about, an opportunity he has thoroughly enjoyed.

His enthusiasm proved to be contagious, and soon five of his playmates were also war-stamp conscious. A contest has been going on among them. Most of them have at least one bond and are well on their way to obtaining the second. Even Johnny, who started a bit later than the others, has almost enough now to purchase his third bond. To date, the leader of the contest is Johnny, who needs only four more stamps to complete his third book.

The reward for this diligent saving will come when in ten years, they will collect the matured bond value. They'll be just about eighteen then, and this money can be used to further their education. In Johnny's case, he is aspiring to be a doctor and in ten years this money will do a great deal toward bringing his ambition to full fruition. This fact alone seems to serve as a spur to Johnny when his enthusiasm seems to lag. Watching this change come about makes me feel somewhat like a planter when he beholds a particularly good crop. These patriotic little Americans of today will be the leaders of American democracy in the future.

Irene Nocera, '47

DEVOTION

The stars twinkled in the darkened sky. The leaves of the old Maple tree were shaking slightly in the evening breeze. It had been a long time, and

it was all so far away now. How long would it be before he would see her again? If he could only get a furlough, but in this Army such a thing seemed almost impossible. He simply must get home soon. There simply wasn't anyone here to tell his troubles to. Besides there are some things you just don't talk about. Walking down the old river road side by side, words had never been necessary.

How often they had sat by the river in silence, deep in thought. Occasionally she would reach out and touch him to be sure he was there. And he, in turn, would be satisfied to gaze at her, his eyes shining with the love and affection that was hers to claim. It is strange, you may say, that he did not speak aloud of his love for her; but between these two there existed a love such as few humans are privileged to know. They had been so happy. Then had come that fateful day in December, 1941. Little did they know, these two, the far reaching effect that Pearl Harbor was to have on their lives.

Now here he was miles away from her. Was there someone there now to walk with her down by the river on cool summer evenings, or to help her eat her strawberry ice cream down at Jones's Pharmacy?

He did not have a friendly nature, he was not a good mixer. Each night after retreat, he could be found at the door of his barracks silently watching the others nearby. Always he was away from the crowd. Each night he would dream the same fond dream. He was on his way home. They let him off at the old familiar depot and he would fairly bound down the street to the old weather beaten farm house down Friendly Lane. There she would be standing, and her eyes would light up at the sight of him, and in true G.I. fashion he would literally knock her off her

feet. Then through a haze a bugle would sound. Reveille! And another G. I. day in the G. I. Army. Well, wars, like everything else, must end sometime, and then mothers would be united with their sons and wives with their husbands. Everywhere peace would reign supreme.

And then Shep's dream would come true. He would receive his honorable discharge from the K-9 Corps of the United States Army and again rejoin that adored mistress for whom his canine heart had pined since Pearl Harbor.

George Stewart, '47

THE FISHHOOKS

Pat was an inquisitive dog. He had already learned that porcupines were to be seen and not touched and that skunks must be ignored if he wished to keep company. But there was always something he wanted to investigate. Maybe this fact explains why, when the cottage was being closed, he became so interested in the old Archer spinner in the fish room. Maybe, but I am not sure. Anyhow, when one of the boys came to see why he was whining so, he found Pat had all nine hooks imbedded in his mouth. Now it's hard enough to get one hook out of a dead fish's mouth, but to get nine out of a very live dog—that was a problem.

A little quick thinking on the part of the rescuers brought to mind that the biologically inclined brother had a bottle of ether on hand, and that a dentist was stopping a mile or so up the road. A car was pressed into service, and Pat, now willing to let the human being take a hand, was rushed to the dentist-veterinary.

The dentist was glad to help, but warned the boys that dogs die easily from ether. It was decided that as Pat could not enjoy himself with hooks in his mouth, the chance must be taken. A cone of paper, with ether on

it, was slipped over Pat's nose and soon, with a little snipping by the dentist using his wife's scissors, the offending hooks were removed. In a minute Pat awoke, staggered over to a dish to take a drink, then, tossing his head at a squirrel, ran off to tell his dog friends about his operation.

William Torrey, '46

THE WOES OF A SODA JERK

Most people think that working in an ice cream stand is an easy job in which you fool around and eat ice cream all night. Well, it is sometimes, but when it's busy, you're busy — and how!

A typical night goes something like this. You go to work about six, then about seven it starts to get busy and the fun starts. A small man with a sickly smile on his face asks, "Have you any pistachio ice cream?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any banana?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any grapenut?" (temper, temper, temper)

"No! The list is on that wall!"

And then there is the short, plump lady with five yelling children at her side. "A chocolate, strawberry, maple walnut, two coffees, and a butter-scotch—no, make that two strawberries—what, you want a pineapple, Johnny?—make it a pineapple instead of chocolate—no, I think I'll have a vanilla—what, Jackie?—put the coffees in boxes and the rest in small cones."

"Lady, will you please repeat your order?"

Amid cries of "I don't want coffee" and the like, she says confidently, "Six vanillas."

"Large cones?"

"Yes."

Happy that she has reached a decision, you scoop the vanillas, only to find out that she has robbed her piggy

bank and has about fifty pennies. The next time you see her coming you make sure someone else gets her.

And then there is the lady who comes up meekly to the window with a large pail and asks you to put several scoops of ice cream in it—and the man who seriously asks you for two hot dogs with mustard—or the man who asks you for a frep-a and ten minutes later you find out that he means a frappe.

By that time the ice cream is hard and your arm is beginning to ache. Maple walnut is the evil of soda jerkers because it gets as hard as a rock, and if you want to scoop it you have to use a pick. Then the daring gentleman comes and asks for six large maple walnut cones. As you pick yourself off the floor you are about to say, "Sorry, sir, but we just ran out of it," when you see the boss staring at you with a blank expression that says, "Oh, yes, there is!" You wish you had a pneumatic drill or a flame thrower, but since you haven't, you have to dig. Needless to say, the size of that man's cones isn't what it should be.

Then a distant friend of yours comes to the window and asks loudly for a *large* cone. "Don't forget, make it big," he yells. Sheepishly you look at the boss again, who is still staring blindly ahead, but who sees everything. You stand for a few minutes—"If I give a big one the boss will get sore, and if I give a small one the kid will get sore." Then you must dig and pray that it will satisfy everyone, although it generally doesn't.

By that time the night is getting fairly chilly and your teeth start rattling. "Double," says the boss, which simply means to put full cans of ice cream where the empty cans are. You look at the door behind which stands the chest which stores

the ice cream at a low temperature. In a few minutes you pick up courage to enter. Then you know how the Eskimos feel up North. Your breath freezes as soon as you enter and your teeth think there has been an earthquake. As you lift a five gallon can and it slips on your finger you hardly feel it for numbness—but afterwards! It's a relief to get back into that warm outside air again.

After that is finished, he says that the yard is dirty and tells you to tidy it up. You go along fine until a wise guy comes over and says, "How's business—picking up? Ha. Ha." You meekly return the "Ha. Ha."

Then the night is over and you are entitled to a frappe or a sundae, but you have already eaten so much and are so tired out that it turns your stomach. But as American people are, you take advantage of everything and drink a large, creamy frappe (which, of course, you make yourself) and you are ruined for the night. As you drag yourself into bed your stomach rolls like Gene Krupa's drums and you never want to see ice cream again.

Roger Smith, '45

SLANG

You have probably heard somebody say, "He uses too much slang," but in my opinion everybody uses slang. You can walk around the house and hear your mother and father speaking slang, and maybe even your grandmother. Never can tell.

Our slang isn't much different from what our parents used to say, only we have newer words. Instead of "Says your old man" or "Twenty Three, Skidoo," we say "You shread it wheat" or "Dit it Jackson."

One of the most famous words in Johnson's history is "Huba-Huba." Instead of saying anything is swell or that we like it, we say "Huba-Huba."

Right here in town we originated a famous character by the name of Joe Kemm. Now there is no such person, but you just try and prove it. Everybody you meet says his name is Joe Kemm.

Then there are certain slangy expressions which people use all the time, "Just because you got a nose like a banana you don't have to think you're one of the bunch," or "Why don't you join the service and release a mule for active duty?" These expressions are used only as a joke, not to hurt anyone's feelings.

We have a few expressions when we want to dance, such as, "Let's squirm, worm" or "Let's cut a rug," but once in a great while we hear the quaint expression, "Would you care to dance?"

One expression which went through the school was "T. S." I'm not going to put a definition down, because everyone has a different one.

Now if you speak to anyone in school in normal English, you have to define practically every word, but start talking in "Jabber Wacky" or slang and they "Dig ya."

Harold Dushame, '47

FLORIDA—THE LAND WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

Creamy blue waves wash sparkling sands, palms sway and rustle in balmy breezes, citrus gold gleams through the shining dark foliage of endless groves, splendid highways lead through hills and dales, past lakes and streams swarming with fish of many kinds, and, sometimes, along the very surf's edge of the mighty Atlantic or of the Gulf of Mexico. This is a land where "winter" is only an expression—Florida invites you.

Florida is truly different from any of the other parts of our nation. Here the old world blends charm-

ingly with the new. Here is a year 'round climate better than anything you could imagine and also the winter playground of our nation. All these vivid impressions of nature, still cannot tell all of the charms that the state of Florida possesses.

June Schmottlach, '48

AN EXTRAVAGANT EEL

A few years ago our family had a garden about five miles from home. We would work in the garden every evening until dark. (I was too young to work, so I played.) The ground was so dry that year that when we set tomato plants out they would have to be watered. While we were scooping water from the brook, an eel swam in, unknown to us. While we were pouring the water, the underwater creature was found. He was placed in my sand pail with some water. Upon arriving home I dumped him in with our goldfish.

A few weeks later it was noticed that the tails of the fish were shrinking. Upon careful investigation, we found the eel was nipping the tails. Immediately a household meeting was called. After a one-sided debate it was decided that the fish were wanted more than the eel; so he was returned to his home. He may still be there, but I doubt if he has had many goldfish for his meals.

Richard Jordan, '48

EVENTIDE

The sky has deepened its shade of blue,

And night draws near with comforts new.

The vesper sparrows' song so gay
Brings the close of another day.

David Manahan, '45

SCHOOL ON V-DAY

Today is V-Day!
 How CAN we go to school?
 Ah, well, such is life,
 And we can't disobey the rule.

Slowly we wend our weary way
 Reluctant, to say the least.
 Finally arriving, we prepare for
 work.
 Oh! I'm so happy the war has ceased.

Let's see, English first period
 Is my fate—
 If only I had a spare,
 Or had been late.

We opened the windows
 So we'd be sure to hear—
 What if the bells don't ring!
 Oh, this nervous fear.

The bell! We all jump to leave
 But wait—it's only the end of class.
 I'm sitting on pins and needles
 And giggling—alack and alas!

Second period commences.
 I'm floating on air.
 We decide to walk out,
 But do we dare?

Am I hearing things?
 What was that call
 Brought by the office girl?
 "Report to the hall!"

A stampede! A race!
 No one can walk.
 Then we listen nervously
 To a thought-provoking talk.

We're free! In two seconds flat
 The school is vacated.
 Pupils and teachers
 Are highly elated.

We're off for home
 With shouts of joy.
 "See you at the celebration tonight!"
 Cries every girl and boy.

Bette Lewis, '45

REPORT CARDS

A piece of cardboard,
 Six by eight,
 May change your life,
 This fateful date.
 Why must we have
 Such things to bear,
 To bother us—
 Get in our hair?
 Why can't they let us
 Live in peace,
 And not disturb us
 Each six weeks?
 Report card day!
 To live it through
 Is 'bout the hardest
 Thing to do.
 They call your name,
 Your knees get weak,
 As to the teacher's
 Desk you sneak.
 Her pen is poised
 About to write,
 An A or B,
 A lovely sight.
 Then to your seat
 You scamper fast—
 Let's hope you'll sigh—
 "Good Lord, I passed!"

Audrey Ferrin, '46

THE SUN

The sun is here, the sun is there,
 The sun shines all around,
 It shines on trees and houses too
 And never makes a sound.

D. Black, '48

SUNSET

The sun did set in colors bright,
 Orange, green and blue;
 It filled the sky like a flaming sword,
 And sent a thrill through you.

Muriel Schofield, '48

LEAVES

About, about and all around
 The autumn leaves are falling,
 About, about and to the ground,
 Mother Nature's calling.

Janice Fessenden, '48

HAS MOTHER NATURE FAILED US?

Remember when it was a bright and sunny day and you made your way across a small field? The green grass was soft and fresh beneath your feet. The birds were singing sweetly in the budded branches of the tall, slender trees, and the sweet fragrant smell of flowers filled the air with scented perfume. The grasses swayed gaily back and forth to the rhythm of the warm breeze. The babbling brook called you to stop and listen to the rippling of the fresh cool water as it went over the water-worn rocks.

You often stop and wonder about these wonderful scenes of Mother Nature just before going out, because now you slip on your rubbers, don your bulky raincoat, tie your well-combed hair in a tight kerchief, snap your umbrella in place and go out in the pelting rain. All your hopes in Mother Nature are now completely shattered. Mary Frechette, '47

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a balloon.
You buy it and it dances a gay bubble,
Then broken by a prick of trouble,
Soon it dies.
Happiness is a scrap,
A scrap of brightest silk found on the floor.
You look again, but can't find any more,
So there it lies.
Happiness is the moon.
It lights your way when all is dark at night,
But then it disappears from sight.
Happiness can't be begged,
Borrowed, stolen. People say they don't care
If they don't have it. But they do.
It flies through air,
If clutched too soon.

Arlene Horne, '47

SENIOR ABERRATIONS

Turned up nose,
Pretty clothes,
Always gay,
Jeannette Rea. Mary Werenchuk

Lil Balavich, tall and blond,
Of her the junior boys are fond.
Every time she passes by
If you could only hear them sigh!
Lorraine Lewis

Roger is a brainy lad,
He's smart in everything,
But when it comes to music,
Rog, old boy, don't sing!
Dorothy McDowell

There is a fine fellow named Bill,
Who tells a good joke with much skill.
He always gets red,
But so is his head,
And brother, is he out to kill!

There was a fine fellow named Finn,
Who always had a big grin.
First he would stumble,
Then he would mumble,
Then start to commence to begin.
He went to the store one day,
To buy some shoes for the play.
But his feet were like tanks,
And the clerk said, "No thanks,
You'll have to consult O. P. A."
Roger Smith

SOUVENIRS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

One of the most beautiful and harmful souvenirs of the South Seas is coral. Coral may be found on the beaches and because of its sharpness the soldiers can't go in swimming until it's cleared. Coral breaks off from mountains and goes down to the sea. It has very delicate patterns on it of shells and formations. Coral is beautifully colored, but never be deceived, it's dangerous.

Another souvenir soldiers are sending back is Chrystobly, a gem almost as hard as sapphire. It is better known as cat's eyes. It is green in color yielding to yellow, and almost transparent. Because of double refraction you can look into it as you would look into an eye. Cat's eye rings have been worn by kings and were supposed to have hypnotic qualities.

In Australia highly polished woods are cut into shapes of Australia, New Guinea and islands around, and made into pins for souvenir trade. Kangaroo skin is made up into wallets, cigarette cases and things soldiers can use. It is softer than regular leather and more glossy and shiny. Sheepskin is made into beautiful rugs and tapestries with designs and colors on them.

Souvenirs bring the world closer together. Donald G. James, '47

THE DREAMER

Woe to the lass who enters a class
With her mind in a world all its
own—

Who, on being awakened, appears
slightly shaken
And murmurs, "Oh, gosh! I don't
know!"

While the questions are hurled, she's
just out of this world.
It's much nicer off there—Don't you
see?

But please don't condemn her for
this strange dilemma
You see, kids, that someone is me!

Rita Mulchahey, '46

A CHALLENGE

Encumbered with a load of care,
Does the world really dare
To rid itself of tyrants' blast

And say it's really free at last!

John Wood, '45

IN SELF DEFENSE

The boys all kid me
About my nose.
They say it's like
A garden hose.

But I have a friend
Whose name is Finn
Who wears the boxes
The shoes come in.

I also have
A friend named Jack,
And there is one thing
He does not lack.

Each ear is as big as
A rowing oar,
And he pulls them in
When he goes through a door.

So, as the old
Old saying goes,
Sticks and stones
Will break my bones,
But nothing on earth
Can hurt my nose.

Roy Marland, '45

A CABIN IN THE PINES

Just a cabin in the pines,
Beside a tinkling stream
Where one can seclude oneself,
And rusticate and dream.

Where seldom man approaches,
Only singing birds flit by.
And listen to the swamp robins,
Greeting me, with their night,
And morning cry.

Oh, it is heaven to be at peace
In this heavenly woodland dell
With this one and only friend of
mine.

The friend is my dog, named Nell.

Ruth Fickenworth, '47



CHATTER

A. S. T. P. WINNERS

Satisfactory scores in the Qualifying Test for enrollment in the Army Specialized Training Program have been secured by the following seniors:

Eugene F. Bohnwagner
John R. Canty
William A. Finneran
Fred R. Messina
John F. Pitman
Clayton A. Crotch

VOLLEY BALL

This year for the first time the girls at Johnson had a volley ball team. Miss Hunt, director of the team, called them out in the early spring.

Johnson played their first game at Punchard. The girls made a good showing, but came out on the short end of a 21-7 score.

The next game was the return game with Punchard and was played at the Johnson gym. Johnson again tried hard, but just couldn't seem to make the grade. They came out on the short end of a 21-17 score.

BASKETBALL DANCE

The girls' basketball team held a dance Friday evening, May 11, from eight to eleven-thirty. The affair was public, and many pupils from other schools attended. Harold Phinney provided the music. A prize waltz was held and the winning couple were Mr. Lee and Alma Sanford. A spot dance was also held. This was won by John Wilkinson and Pat Bredbury. Mr. Phinney presented each winner with a record from his store.

BASEBALL

Some people say the first sign of spring is the robin, but we around Johnson have a different way to tell when spring is here. At Johnson the first sign of spring comes when Mr. Lee calls out the baseball team. This year when the squad was called out a total of thirty-two boys reported. Nine lettermen were back this year.

The Johnson nine played their first game at Reading on the holiday. Although Reading proved too much for Johnson, they showed great team work and tried hard. The final score was Reading 21 - Johnson 9.

Johnson's next game was played at Grogan's field, North Andover. This game was postponed from the originally scheduled day, V-E Day, to the following afternoon. This was a very exciting game with Johnson holding its own all the way. Punchard, however, won by a score of seven to five in the 10th inning.

ALUMNI NOTES

John Bamford, Jimmy Cunningham and Dougie Lee are now serving in the Navy. Arthur Temple is in the Army.

Good luck to you and all the fellows, who ever attended Johnson and are now in the service. You're doing a swell job and we all think you're just super.

V-E DAY

On Tuesday, V-E Day, Mr. Hayes gave a very interesting talk pertinent to the day, and pupils were excused at approximately quarter of ten.

EXCHANGES

"*The Record*," Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Brooks: "Are we going to have a good football team next year?"

Mr. Dewhirst: "Yes, if the cigarette shortage keeps up."

* * *

Miss Corbitt: "You must remember, class, we are what we eat."

Eileen Durkee: "Gee, I'm a peach!"

* * *

"Why not call the stuff Honeymoon Oleomargarine?" interrupted Jimmy Shaw.

"You see," he explained, "people take it for butter or for worse."

"*The Swampscotta*,"

Swampscott, Mass.

G. B.: "What I like about my girl is that she's always ready for me. She brings a road map, gas, baseball bat, and a spare tire on every date."

* * *

Jane (to escort:)

"Oh dear! Let's not park here.

Oh dear! Let's not park.

Oh dear! Let's not.

Oh dear! Let's.

Oh dear!

Oh! ! !"

* * *

George: "I hope you'll pardon my dancing on your feet — I'm a little out of practice."

June: "I don't mind your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that aggravates me."

"*The Ægis*," Beverly, Mass.

FRANKY'S SWOONERS

By Helen Proulx

I may be cranky,

But this guy, Franky,

Irks me quite a lot.

(The guy can't sing

As well as Bing.)

I think he's far from hot.

Young girls swoon

When they hear his croon.

I've never seen the like.

(For he'd fall flat

If it wasn't that

They've tied him to the mike.)

They close their eyes,

And murmur sighs,

Both bobby-sox and crooner.

(It seems to me,

A race to see

Who'll collapse the sooner)

"*The Holten*," Danvers, Mass.

A-PLUS

Mrs. Learoyd: "Give me a sentence with an object."

P. Katz: "Teacher, you are very beautiful."

Mrs. Learoyd: "What is the object?"

P. Katz: "A good mark."

* * *

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

(Taken from

Senior History Midyears)

Naval Stores:

"Where ship goods are sold"

"These were the places where boats could reload and where they could get fuel"

Spoils System:

"A group of officers got together to talk about notes for the president"

Armada:

"A Spanish ship launched at a harbor when the British bombed it"

Writs of Assistance:

"A group of officers"

JOHN WILKINSON HONORED

The boy selected for the conference at Amherst in June is John Wilkinson. The alternate is Warren Chadwick.

WOMAN'S CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

This year the North Andover Woman's Club Scholarship of \$150 was awarded to Roger Smith, valedictorian of the Senior Class.

* * *

PATCH TEST

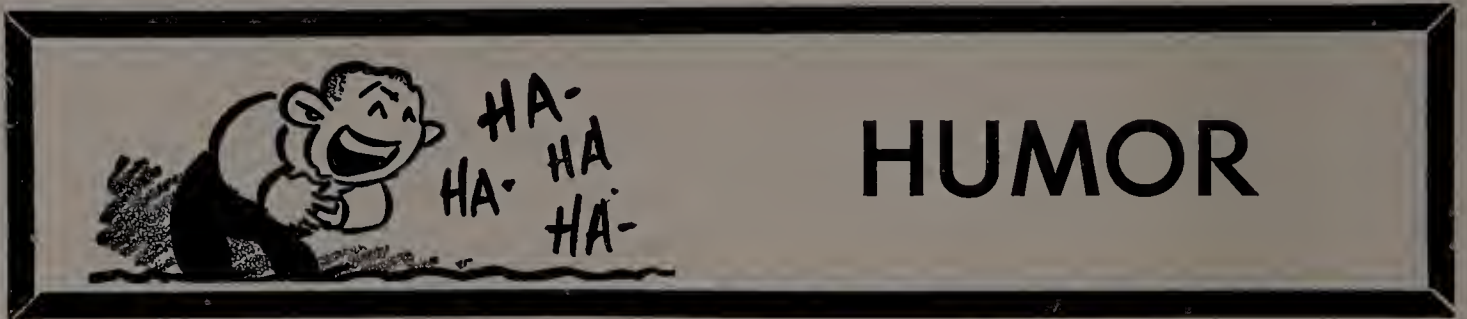
All the pupils who signed for the patch test for tuberculosis were given it by the school nurse. Two days later the patches were removed and

two days following the tests were read.

CORRECTIONS IN DECEMBER JOURNAL

The names of Janet Smith and Marie Torpey should have been included in the list of girls on the basketball squad.

The description SAILING was written by Alfred McKee, '46.



HUMOR

Severely jostled in the thundering herd of New York's subway rush hour, a fragile young lady was finally crammed among the standers. Her sense of humor was not impaired, however. She poked her face close to the ear of an adjoining male:

"Look," she demanded tartly, "my rib—is it crushing your elbow?"

Two veteran Marines were bragging about their respective outfits.

"When we present arms," said one, "all you could hear was slap, slap, click."

"With us, it was slap, slap, jingle," said the other.

"Jingle? What was that?"

"Our medals."

She stood at the counter, an obviously new bride, while a clerk explained various household gadgets to her. He talked enthusiastically about an electrically timed egg cooker, explained that her husband's boiled eggs would be just right when timed by it.

"But I wouldn't need that," she said. "John likes his eggs the way I do them. I just look out the window

at the traffic lights, give them one red and two greens, and they're done."

A dilapidated car wheezed up to the toll gate of the George Washington Bridge, in New York City. Its last drop of gas was gone, and its worn out tires were almost flapping in the breeze.

"Fifty cents," said the bridge attendant briskly.

"Sold!" exclaimed the driver, leaping out of the car and holding out his hand.

NUTTY

"What's she doing now?"

"She's a mechanic in a candy factory."

"Yes, she tightens the nuts in the peanut brittle."

ALL EXPLAINED

Patron: "Look here, waiter, I ordered chicken pie, and there isn't a single piece of chicken in it."

Waiter: "That's being consistent, sir! We also have cottage cheese, but as far as I know there isn't a cottage in it."

Teacher: "That's the sixth time you've made 100 on your arithmetic homework this term!"

Grocer's Son: "Yes, Dad's getting better since he's had all that ration point practice."

Customer: You served me twice as much yesterday.

Waiter: Where were you sitting?

Customer: Over there by the window.

Waiter: Oh, that was for advertising.

Husband: Do you know dear, I just read an article that said: The cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling block to the son.

Wife: Well, thank goodness—our Bobby won't have anything to fall over.

An Irishman in the BEF was telling his friend of his narrow escape in Paris.

"The bullet went in me chest and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," objected his friend, "if it did that it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in my mouth at the time," was the reply.

A grouchy father snarled at his daughter's fiance. "Can you cook, sew, mend, mind babies, do the washing, buy groceries and plan meals?"

"No, sir," the young man admitted. "I can't do those things. Why do you ask?"

"Because," the father informed him grimly, "my daughter can't either."

Mrs. Top Kick: "I was so happy to see you playing marbles with Major Tired's little boy, darling."

Top Junior: "We wasn't playing marbles, Mom. We'd just had another scrap, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."

Chemistry Professor: "Jones, what does HNO_3 signify?"

Pupil: "Well, ah, er, it's right on the tip of my tongue—"

Professor: "Well, you'd better spit it out, boy. It's nitric acid."

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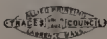
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